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TUNNEL BILLS.

The managers of the New York Central Railroad Company have come to the conclusion that they must do something to at least make it apparent that they desire that the danger in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel be lessened. They fear, and with reason, that if another accident with loss of life occurs they could not escape indictment for homicide, and that nothing would prevent their going to prison. They desire to shift the responsibility for any accidents that may happen in the tunnel from their own shoulders, and with this in view they have supervised a bill throwing the responsibility for tunnel railroad accidents on the State Board of Railroad Commissioners. It was presented in the Assembly last night by the New York Central's representative, Mr. JAMES W. HUSTED.

This bill, which is merely permissive, was introduced in order to head off the bill offered by Mr. SULZER. It looks well enough at first glance, but closer inspection shows that it might be of little effect in bringing about the reformation sought. It gives the entire control of lighting and ventilating tunnels to the Board of Railroad Commissioners, which it empowers to agree on plans and to order their adoption by railroads. If at the end of thirty days the railroad companies have not complied with these orders, the Commissioners may apply to the Courts for a mandamus. There is a penal clause in the Husted bill, but it makes no provisions to compel the railroad corporations to plead to any indictment found against it, and if it should become a law in its present shape no conviction for failing to light and ventilate could be obtained under it.

A very suspicious point in the bill is that the changes necessary to make the Fourth Avenue Tunnel safe could not be completed in thirty days. The courts have always proven the friends of corporations which employ counsel by the year; and should the New York Central not care to obey any directions given by the Railroad Commissioners, under Mr. HUSTED's bill it could delay decision for an almost indefinite time.

Mr. HUSTED's bill would empower the Railroad Commissioners to order any disfiguring structures on Park avenue, and also authorize them, if they so desired, to make greater openings in the tunnel without regard to the wishes of the taxpayers or the city authorities. To make more openings in the tunnel the New York Central Railroad have been trying for years. On the whole, Mr. HUSTED's bill is so in the interests of the New York Central Railroad Company that it might be extremely dangerous to the municipality of New York.

In the Senate last evening a bill was introduced by Mr. AHEARN embracing all the points of the Sulzer bill, with these additions, that the system of ventilating and lighting be adopted by the railroad company subject to the approval of the Railroad Commissioners, and requiring the exterior construction of all ventilating appliances to be approved by the local authorities. This control of the exterior construction of the ventilating appliances will act as a check upon any action of the railroad company that may be detrimental to the city. The Sulzer-Byrne bill will also be amended in these particulars.

The New York Central cannot honestly oppose either Mr. AHEARN's bill or the Sulzer-Byrne bill, which are really the same, because provisions have been introduced meeting every objection it has advanced. The inside history of the Husted bill is known to THE EVENING WORLD, and it proposes to use it at the proper time. Its one merit is that it shows the railroad company has been forced into doing something. One thing is paramount, however, which is, that the Fourth Avenue Tunnel must be rendered safe, and no matter what the Legislature does, THE EVENING WORLD will lend its best energies to accomplish this result.

CLUB AMENITIES.

President LAVELLE, of the Downtown Athletic Club, recently adjusted a little difficulty which he had with Mr. JOHN CASSIDY, of that social organization, in such a fashion that the niceties of club etiquette were slightly offended. President LAVELLE in fact, when the force of the vernacular was exhausted, in the depth and fervor of his contention, bit off the upper section of Mr. CASSIDY's ear, neglecting in the order of debate the MARK ANTONY courtesy of requesting the same as a loan.

What remained of Mr. CASSIDY was transferred to the hospital, where the portion of his ear which President LAVELLE had sampled was deposited in alcohol, and will confront the President when he is brought to trial for mayhem.

The Downtown Club feels deeply when it feels. It scorns making its intensity of conviction under the icy veneer of Parliamentary conventions. Happily, it was organized only for social delights. Were it a debating society it would have needed quarters in the Morgue, and each member would have to equip himself for the question with an accident policy.

There are those in the Club who think President LAVELLE possibly forgot himself a little in taking such a liberty with Mr. CASSIDY's ear. Downtown Club opinion is divided on this point, and a Police Justice may have to arbitrate on this delicate matter.

THE PROPER SITE.

The new Municipal Building should not be erected on Park space. It should be placed in the neighborhood of the other public offices and near the business centres and law firms.

To do this land will have to be bought, and, naturally, land in such a quarter can not be had for a song. But this is a case where economy at the sacrifice of any Park space would be more than shameful extravagance. It would be a trespass on the people's rights, and that is the acme of injustice.

The new Immigration law, which goes into effect to-morrow, retains as an admirable feature the enactments which exclude lunatics, felons, paupers, polygamists, contract laborers, assisted immigrants and those with contagious diseases. America is not the sink for foreign refuse to be washed into. We are free enough to demand that only material from which freemen can be made shall be suffered on our shores.

The ravages of the grip are still fearful. New York, Chicago, Pittsburg and other popular centres are showing an awful death rate, for which the dread epidemic is largely responsible. Three hundred deaths within twenty-four hours is Chicago's latest record, and in Pittsburg the supply of hearses is quite inadequate to the demand. Change of weather may bring relief. It is ardently desired.

The repeated instances of incendiary efforts in this city and in Brooklyn are appalling. A third attempt has been made to fire the Clarendon Hotel, in the latter city, and this in the face of police vigilance especially directed against such attempts. Some strong example of justice is needed on these fire fiends. They do their work with impunity.

An "L" train was derailed through some fault in an open switch, and only a strong guard rail prevented the train from being thrown into the street. That loss of life did not occur is good fortune, but the force of such accidents should be appreciated at its full, whatever their results. "L" transit is bad enough without loss of life or maiming as a feature.

A car driver on Mayor GLEASON's Hunter's Point line says that doughty manager of things civic in Long Island City knocked him off his car and threatened to kill him. Whatever the truth may be, the repeated charges against the belligerent Mayor will make people think there must be some fire where there is so very much smoke.

Silk-workers say McKINLEY's protection doesn't protect. Yet it is fine as silk in its author's eyes.

Senator SHERMAN's friends are fearful. They read a Foraker combination in the stars.

There is but one disposition to make of the West Side Driveway scheme. Stamp it out.

Sore heads and blackthorn clubs will not free Ireland, when borne in factional fights.

SPOTLETS.

Irish politics have got to a Sligo which has no slyness in it.

"Like a Sechelt moor, isn't it?" said Goodword on Fifth avenue on Easter Sunday. "Don't you see the fors?"

The Spring-halt in a horse is not a vernal affliction.

A man's experience is not always simply what he has gone through. Sometimes it is what somebody has gone through him. But it is experience, just the same.

He is a very lonely man,
Whose lot undapple seems—
And yet he has no clever friends
To let him in to schemes. —*Exchange.*

The "Ladies' Day" at the Authors' Club should be a very author-dox affair.

Prince Henry of Battenberg has got the measles, but he is that kind of a fellow only now.

The children run from Prof. Charmin, the reformed cannibal. They fancy they see his mouth watering for a "kid." Can't every man who can regard his friend as a deferred meal.

The Street Department ought to be great at the Alley-luia Chorus.

It is the wise Spring robin who keeps on his Winter overcoat.

Left to His Fate.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Dashaway—You know Wangle, who treated me so badly; well, I got even with him the other night. I started to call on Miss Sandstone, and just as I was about to ring the bell, I looked in through the window and saw he was there, and that she was singing to him.

Cleverton—And then you went in and sat on him.

Dashaway—No, I didn't. I went away and let her keep on singing.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Grows more and more Popular every year. It is the best

Spring Medicine

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Fashions a la Otero—A Common Fault in Walking Dresses—Flower-Making Not a Profitable Employment—Fingers versus Forks.

Caroline Otero, the tall Spanish dancer is making fashion for the multitude after the manner of Bernhardt. In the dance she wears a gold snake with a "precious jewel in its head" clasped about her right ankle. With dull black slippers and black silk stockings through which the flesh gleams the effect is, to say the least, uncommon. In her song solo she has a pendant of diamonds, invisibly wired, which "hangs down the middle of her forehead." If these fads of the big, beautiful Otero are not copied by society—well, just wait and see.

The ruffles of chiffon, which are sewed in the neck of house dresses and carried down in front to the end of the bodice, are very becoming to slender figures, and exceedingly artistic. They fresh n up a dress as nothing else can. Some are plaited, others are edged with silk floss, and many have a flower border stamped in half tints. These confections are very dear, ranging from ninety-five cents to four dollars a yard, and they cannot be laundered.

Napoleons with California figs are considered very choice for dessert.

Buckram is used for facing in the waist of riding habits. This stuff is as stiff as a shingle and absolutely wrinkle proof.

A walking skirt pulls and tosses because the tie backs are in the wrong place, or else are too tight. Have the steel ten inches below the belt and the draw string ten inches below the steel. Then if the gores are cut right the skirt will hang straight and smooth.

The most fashionable sheets—for there are fashions in sheets as in other things—has a broad band of renaissance embroidery executed in the linen itself, a reduction of the same design forming a square on the pillow slip.

The list of things that can be eaten from the fingers is on the increase. It now includes all bread, toast, tarts and small cakes, celery and asparagus, when served whole either hot or cold; olives, to which a fork should never be used; lettuce, which must be crumpled in the fingers and dipped in salt or sauce; strawberries served with the stems on, as they should be, are always touched to pulverized sugar; cheese, in all forms, except Brie, Roqu fort or Cumbafort; and fruits of all kinds except preserves and melons. The finger bowl stands by the plate and the napkin ready.

Flower making is one of the starving industries of New York City. It takes from two to six years to learn the business. Roses, leaves, violets and clusters like lilacs are the popular branches and all are paid by the piece. The first year the learner averages $1 a week; the second year $2 50; the third $3; the fourth $4 and after that 80 cents a day is considered fair pay, for the reason that first class work is not abundant, the buyers preferring imported flowers for the same money to the home product. Strong chemicals are used in the work and have a deleterious influence on the health of the girls. These rose-makers and foliage-branchers are very nice girls as a class. Taste is required in the work, which has a refining influence on those called upon to exert it.

Ministers declare that in nine cases out of ten brides are much more self-possessed than the bridegrooms during the marriage ceremony.

Teaching school is not all that the public think. A woman will work fourteen of the best years of her life before she is allowed a salary of $75 a month. During this long term of martyrdom she suffers a reduction of wages proportional to the absence of her pupils, whether caused by the circus, an epidemic or death. Then there are wives to pull, politicians to flatter and Commissioners to humor, to say nothing of the persecution of parents and principals. After serving as faithfully and as long as the man in the Bible, the maximum salary may be obtained, but the brave tutor's color has faded, her youth is gone, her hair is falling out, her teeth are yellow and her complexion is gray from the composite influence of chalk dust, furnace heat, foul air and eternal vigilance. The teacher's fund was timely. But it is insufficient. Any woman who has sacrificed ten years of her youth, beauty and brains to the children of the public deserve to be supported by the public for the succeeding decade or two.

The Price Accelerator.

[*From Judge.*]

McCorkle—The last Stradivarius violin sold fetched $8,000.

McCrackle—McKinley bill, I suppose?

1 to 400.

[*From Puck.*]

Phil Hoosfer—The wisest precept that ever was uttered is "Know thyself."

MacCallister—Yaas. I have no doubt; but there's such a thing as being over-exclusive, doncherknow.

Love Proved By Hate.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Amy—I'm sure that Charles loves me.

Ethel—What makes you so sure?

Amy—Although he doesn't say so, I can see that he hates all my relatives.

NOWADAYS a little money goes a great ways at FLINT'S, 148 st. They are forcing of FURNITURE of elegant new designs and substantial manufacture, to make room for factory output. Goods to process must be finished. ***

CREME RHEA. A clear and healthy skin. Latest Parisian preparation against chapping, sunburn, redness or roughness. Delightfully perfumed. ***

THE CLEANER.

I hear that George W. Ely, the popular Secretary of the New York Stock Exchange, is going abroad shortly and will make an extended tour through England and the Continent. While on the other side he will make a study of the clearing-house systems now in operation at the London Stock Exchange and the Paris Bourse, with a view of inaugurating a like scheme in the New York Stock Exchange. The plan has already been tried here, but it proved unsuccessful, and the Governors are desirous of getting some new ideas on the subject. They do not want to imitate the Consolidated Exchange, which has a system of its own, which works with apparent success, and have delegated Mr. Ely to secure all the information he can about foreign methods during his stay abroad.

* * *

I wonder that the grip does not make a splendid harvest in that body of modest workers, the mail carriers. Even in very inclement weather one sees them issuing in the morning from the rear of the Post-Office with no overcoat and apparently clad as they are in the Summer heats. They are the quietest, most unassuming men in the world, and I trust they may dodge the grip and all other evils.

* * *

The other day up in Greenfield, Mass., where one must take his toddy sitting, I saw hanging on the wall of the railway station a scroll in an oak frame. The scroll said one billion dollars was spent in drink last year; one million widows and orphans were made by drink; one hundred thousand homes ruined, and so on, winding up with a quotation in which the all power declared that he would visit his wrath upon a nation that permitted such iniquity. It was a soul-thrilling teetotaler affair—and in each corner of the big, gaunt, grim frame of oak was a little white card, and on each card the business announcement of an enterprising New York brewer.

* * *

I met that bright and interesting little comedienne, Marie Carlyle, on Broadway yesterday. She was enjoying an Easter double holiday from her studies in Boston. Her bright face and the jaunty melton jacket and snug gown of tailor-make that cloaked her round and cosy figure flashed through "the passing regiment" as easily recognizable memoers in good standing of those brilliant ranks. Miss Carlyle is the designer out of her own fancy of all the creations that make her ever a noticeably well-dressed woman. She is hard at work preparing for a speedy return to stage duties.

* * *

It is noticeable that some of the most promising of the scenic art work of the day is being done in private studios, unconnected with the great theatres. Sydney Chidley, formerly with Marston at the Madison Square, is a busy "free lance" in this theatrical art field. Chidler and Castel-Bert are now collaborators on two realistic New York scenes for Fred Paulding's "Struggle for Life."

* * *

I notice that Rollin M. Squire's poetic soul mourns for Jumbo, his pet Yorkshire terrier. Jumbo has gone astray. The dog had a "gray back and yellow points," but how the ex-City Hall poet will make that rhyme with his loss I won't venture to say.

* * *

The "swan boats" are launched in the Park. This is earlier than usual as they are seldom put on the lake before the 1st of April. Dolliver, the proprietor of these boats, is also their inventor. He told me yesterday that his patent had nine years yet to run. He has the boats all over the country, and is going to introduce them in Paris. He has nine of them in the Park.

* * *

It seems that Dolliver tried to get the privilege of the boats on the lake at the Terrace in the Park. But there were half a dozen after it, and so the Commissioners let it go to the highest bidder, and Brown, the skating pond man of the Park, made the highest bid, $2,250, just $250 over Dolliver, and so he got it. When the boats come out in the Park it is a sign that Spring is here as good as tops or crocuses.

* * *

Wandering through Central Park the last day of Lent I saw among the procession of equestrians which was jogging along the bridle-path an eminently respectable figure, a clerical rider in neatly fitting raiment with a neat parting of the rear hair of his head, and an expression on his clean-shaven face with its "canonical inch" of sidewhiskers which was complacently content. It was Bishop Potter taking his constitutional on a stocky, well-groomed "cob." Episcopacy with an apartment in the Navarro Flats and a fine saddle-horse for Central Park is a New York phase of the business which might have made Saul of Tarsus open his earnest eyes. But Saint Paul was around only in the cradle days of Christianity.

* * *

St. Thomas's Church was a mass of flowers in the chancel on Easter Sunday. Crowds of people received the communion at the end of the services.

WORLDLINGS.

Frank Stockton, the author, dictates all his novels at the rate of 1,000 words a morning. He has the entire plot of the novel, with its dramatic situations and even portions of the conversations, mapped out in his head before he has a word of it put on paper. He is a dark-faced man, with jet-black hair and dark eyes.

There are 508,000 members of the Episcopal Church in the United States, where in 1880 there were only 338,323.

The Duke of Veragua, the lineal descendant in this generation of Christopher Columbus, lives in Madrid. He is an elderly man, and bears a strong facial resemblance to his distinguished ancestor.

Miss Sallie Cowan, of Vicksburg, Miss., is one of the beautiful women of the State. She is a typical blonde with blue eyes, delicate features and golden hair.

The business of collecting and selling old postage stamps began as recently as 1863, but there are today 150 dealers in them in Paris alone.

Rebuked.

[*From the American Grocer.*]

She—Do you think it will snow hard, professor?

He—Madam, it may hail. It never snows hard.

In the Cloak-Room.

[*From Puck.*]

Representative Bustem (in the course of argument)—If we are not sent here to represent the ideas of our constituents, what are we here for?

Representative Wiregrass (Farmers' Alliance)—Waal, so far as I kin see, I was sent here to represent the views of my wife and the gals!

THE TRAINED MONGREL'S MISHAP.

[*From Judge.*]

I.

Lazy Rogerson—Look out dar, Cassius!

II.

—"Da's all right. Drap d' line again."

III.

—"Yank 'm hard, boy; we'll git 'noug fer a mess befo' noon."

IV.

—"Bress d' 'mancipation! Dat must 'r been a dawg-fish."

One Thing Needful.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Shawber—Some one has invented a new kind of bank to save money. Now there is only one thing more they want.

Singer y—What is that?

Shawber—A new kind of man.

Not "An Original Belle."

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Rosamond—I don't see how people can call that hair of hers chestnut.

Berina—Don't you? That's because it's been used often before by other people.

Property Destroyed.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

"They have queer laws out in Missouri."

"In what way are they queer?"

"Here's an account of the arrest of a man for breaking a horse's gait."

Fitting Remarks.

Dora—I understand Nora has given up slang during Lent.

Cora—Yes; but she is coming out with a beautiful collection to match her Easter suit.

Very Remarkable.

[*From Judge.*]

Hunker—I got the best of Goslin yesterday.

Spatts—I didn't know he had any.

Rather Loud, Too.

[*From Puck.*]

"Don't you think his manners are a little loose?"

"Yes; they are made to suit his London suit."

Bitter, Indeed.

[*From Puck.*]

"Wanamaker had a bitter pill to swallow yesterday," remarked Blaine to Rusk.

"Indeed! What was it?"

"Quinine."

Their Relative Importance.

[*From Judge.*]

"Yes," said Cumso, in reponse to a question from his little son, "Queen Victoria is a sovereign."

"Then is the Prince of Wales a half-sovereign?"

Inefficient Support.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Star—Oh, yes, he was good to me, but he couldn't act well, so I sued for a divorce.

Friend—On what grounds?

Star—That he failed to support me properly.

Blood Will Tell.

[*From Judge.*]

She—Oh, yes; Mr. Digby told me that he belonged to one of the first families of the country.

He—You can see that. He has an aboriginal look.

A Ridiculous Idea.

[*From Puck.*]

Mabel—Oh, dear! I've lost my diary.

Amy—Well, you didn't expect to keep it very long, did you?

All He Was Worth.

[*From Judge.*]

Snively—I hear that poor Muggins is dead.

Snod.rass—Yes. Life insured?

Snively—For five thousand dollars.

Snodgrass—Oh, Well, the loss is fully covered.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CHANGES AT THE THEATRES.

Gillette's New Comedy, "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," at Proctors.

Albert Ross's "Thou Shalt Not" at the Union Square.

PROCTOR'S THEATRE.

A new comedy by William Gillette, "constructed and developed" (the phrase is delightful) from Alexandre Bisson's "Feu Toupet et," was played at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last night. In the cast were Joseph Holland, Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Frederic Bond, Henrietta Crosman, Thomas Burns, Thomas Wise, John W. Thompson, Maud White, Annie Wood and Lilian Leach. A criticism of the performance will appear in THE EVENING WORLD during the week.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

A dramatisation of Albert Ross's novel "Thou Shalt Not" was produced for the first time in this city at the Union Square Theatre last night by the indefatigable W. A. Brady. The production had evidently cost a good deal of money. The scenery was handsome, and the players well known to Metropolitan Theatre goers. Among those in the cast were Gustavus Levick, John Glendinning and Miss Maida Craigen. "Thou Shalt Not" will be reviewed in to-morrow's EVENING WORLD.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

A sensational play entitled "Dan'l Boone" was the attraction at the Windsor Theatre last night and was played amid much fervor. The drama deals with pioneer life in Kentucky, and the career of Daniel Boone serves as a vehicle for the introduction of Shawnee Indians, a trick horse, and other equally interesting accessories. The trick horse was highly interesting.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

Miss Margaret Mather drew an enormous audience to the Grand Opera-House last night and played "Joan of Arc" in the same sincere and admirable fashion that she brought to the production at the Fifth Avenue Theatre earlier in the season. Miss Mather was enthusiastically received. Her support was very good, and praise must be accorded to Otis Skinner as La Hire, to Giles Shine, John Malone, Gilmore Scott and Harold Hartsell.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

McKee Rankin in the "The Canuck" began an engagement at Niblo's Garden last night. The play, it will be remembered, was presented last Summer at the Bijou Theatre and ran there for some time. It has been much altered since then. The changes were hardly made in the interests of art. Mr. Rankin struggled for popularity and he may have found it. The specialties were well received.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

Miss Fanny Davenport was greeted with much applause when she appeared upon the stage of The Broadway Theatre last night clad as the Egyptian Queen in "Cleopatra." The production was quite as handsome as that at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and it will undoubtedly attract a great deal of attention. Every detail was carefully considered. Upon Miss Davenport and Mr. McDowell, of course, the burden of the play rested.

H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE.

"Siberia," was the attraction at H. R. Jacobs Theatre last night. The melodrama is an old one, but it is still very popular. It is one of the best of the late Bartley Campbell's dramatic efforts. The play was well presented the scenery being bright and picturesque, and the company well selected. Such plays as "Siberia," can always do well in the metropolis.

FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.

"After Dark," presented by W. A. Brady's company, began an engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night. Harry Meredith, as Old Tom, did some very good work, and E. L. Watson, as Dicey Morris, was worthy of praise. The play was very realistically put upon the stage, and the concert hall scene, in which a number of variety people appeared, was much applauded.

COLUMBUS THEATRE.

Miss Clara Morris, who has not before been seen in New York this season, appeared at the Columbus Theatre, Harlem, last night in the ultra-emotional "Odette." There was a large audience, and the star claimed all its attention. Miss Morris is still a powerful actress, and her dramatic force was, on the whole, quite as startling as it used to be. The company was fairly interesting.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE.

"The County Fair" moved a few miles last night and was held at Hammerstein's Harlem Opera-House. The company was the same as that which supported Mr. Burgess during his long and vigorous career at the Union Square Theatre. The Harlemites seemed to greatly appreciate "The County Fair." The laughter and applause were thoroughly genuine.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

"The Marble Heart" is not exactly a cheerful play for the Easter holidays, but it is interesting, and actors, after all, cannot be expected to adapt themselves to the seasons. The play was seen last night at H. C. Miner's People's Theatre with Robert Mantell in the leading role. Mr. Mantell's work was conscientious and pleasing. Miss Behrens and Mark Price were valuable members of the company.

TONY PASTOR'S.

The programme at Tony Pastors last night was as full of variety and interest as ever. Jenny Hill presented some novelties and maintained her reputation as "a vital spark." Among the others who appeared were Harry Kernell, Flora Moore, the three St. Felix sisters, Miss Capitola Forrest, the two Carlos, Don Latta, with his company of monkey actors; Harding and Ah Sid, and Suto Sunetaro.

HUBER'S MUSEUM.

"Special Sessions," presented by Judson's Comedy Company, made a hit at Huber's Palace Museum, East Fourteenth street, yesterday. The farce was well played, and it certainly travestied local police justices. The vaudeville entertainment was supplied by the Palace Specialty Company, including the Welches, the Reveres, Sanders and Burdell, Sig. Garcia, Frank Cotton and others.

DORIS'S MUSEUM.

The Graham and Howe Comedy Company gave good hourly performances in the theatorium of Doris' Eighth Avenue Museum yesterday. The organization included Dollie Howe, George W. Graham, the Kusten Sisters, Nellie Carlisle, Foster and Hilton, and Kitty and Leon. The attendance during the day was large. In the curio hall Miss Bella Carter attracted a great deal of attention.

WORTH'S MUSEUM.

The vaudeville performance at Worth's yesterday was a very enjoyable one, appealing to the laughter-loving public. Mr. Carroll as "The Dancing-Master" was amusing and the sketch called "Quite a Mistake" caused a good deal of mirth. In the curio hall Jonathan Bass, the oss-lled man, was again to be seen, with Charles P. Blatt, Miss Josie Wohlfurth and Charles P. Trip.

KOSTER AND BIAL'S.

"Adam's Temptation; or, Birds of Paradise," was the rather verbose title of the new burlesque presented for the first time at Koster & Bial's Concert Hall last night. Fred Solomon was responsible for the music, which was of the same order as that made known in his other burlesques. "Adam's Temptation" was prettily put upon the stage, Carmencita did a new Spanish dance.

Brooklyn Theatres.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The interest which is centred in the appearances of Edwin Booth at the Academy of Music this week was made manifest last evening by the attention bestowed by a representative audience on his portrayal of the role of Hamlet. His appearance was the occasion of a reception as hearty and sincere as any that has ever been afforded him in this city. Minna Gale, John A. Lane, and a well balanced company rendered effective support. To-night the "Merchant of Venice" will be the play.

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE.

A star of such magnitude as Richard Mansfield needs no words of praise. His impersonation of Beau Brummell at the Park Theatre last evening was given with the same artistic touch that has made him famous both in this and other plays, and with the final fall of the curtain comes a feeling of regret that all actors are not Mansfields and all plays as enjoyable as "Beau Brummell." W. J. Ferguson added to his success as the faithful valet, as did D. H. Harkins in the role of the Prince of Wales.

HUBER AND GERHARDT'S CASINO.

Honors were evenly divided between Johnnie Carroll and Adele Martinetti at Huber & Gebhardt's Casino last evening, both being prime favorites with the patrons. The Zamora family did some astonishing acrobatic feats, and Effie St. Clair, G. H. Duncan and Minnie Schult contributed musical numbers, completing an admirable bill of attractions. Kirchner's orchestra of soloists is by no means a least attraction of the Casino.

NOVELTY THEATRE.

The workings of the White Cads, with their attendant realism, were a feature in the initial Brooklyn presentation of Myron Leffingwell's "Blue Grass" at the Novelty Theatre last evening. Myron Leffingwell, William Gilbert and Elaine Leffingwell were conspicuous in the company.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S THEATRE.

The imitations of Kate Davis, of the Howard Athenaeum Specialty Company, at Hyde & Behman's Theatre yesterday afternoon, quite caught the house. Conroy and Fox, one of the cleverest of the many Irish sketch teams, Chourvaill, the wonderful juggler and Dutch Daly with his concertina, is a good performance as the house has furnished this season.

AMPHION ACADEMY.

"The Blue Jeans" Company did not perform last evening at The Amphion. The big car of scenery, including the saw-mill and its auxiliaries, did not arrive in season to put the play on in good shape, and the management preferred to lose one night's receipts rather than to offer an unsatisfactory production. The play will be given to-night with all its attractions.

LEE AVENUE ACADEMY.

All the old favorites appeared last night in Hoyt's sparkling comedy "A Midnight Bell," and the play repeated the hit it made when it was first produced. Eugene Cauffell was Martin Tripp, the country boy, and his song "When Pop Was a Little Boy Like Me," called forth repeated applause. George Richards as the Deacon, and Richard J. Dillon as the clergyman, both scored a success.

STAR THEATRE.

"Vesper Bells," the picturesque drama presented by Minnie Oscar Gray and W. T. Stephens at Holmes's Star Theatre last night, was received with decided approval by a large audience. The sensational and realistic effects, the ponies and the dogs, make the piece a popular one, and accomplish the object of the authors—to please the masses. The vocalistic star, Minnie Oscar Gray, was well supported.

"BETROTHED."

I can scarcely believe that it was Alphonse Daudet, the flamboyant author of "Fromont Jeune" and "The Nabob," who wrote the listless lot of weariness produced at the Garden Theatre last night under the name of "Betrothed." For three hours I sat waiting for something to come—"wishing and waiting so sadly," like the damsel in the song—but I waited in vain. No Mariana in a double-distilled moated grange grew wearier than yours truly. French writers cannot be successfully goody-goody for American audiences. When Americans and English want analyses of the human passions then they can turn to France, as to an inspired master, and learn and enjoy. When they want sugar and prettiness they themselves can supply the market better than any French writer. "The Open Gate," now to be seen at the Lyceum Theatre, is an exquisite little poem, pathetic and lovely. "Betrothed" is stupid twaddle, robbed even of the literary value it must have possessed in the original, by a villainous translator. It suggested "L'Abbe Constantin" in its insipidity.

The story is excessively simple. Henri (pronounced Onn-ree last night) loves Madeleine. Henri's mommer, the Marquise, knows that her husband is insane, a fact of which Henri is ignorant. Madeleine's guardian hears this and breaks off the match. There is much anguish and Madeleine, after infinite gurgling, finally decides that she will marry Henri any way. The incident in the last act, however, where the mommer is anxious to make a sacrifice, is worth more than mention. It is so extremely far fetched, that it affected the audience in a way that would have overwhelmed Daudet. Men and women roared.

The Marquise, to save her son the agony of believing that he inherits insanity, resolves to tell him that her husband was not his father. In other words, she thinks he would sooner hear that he has an impure mother than an insane father. She confides her scheme to Prosper, an ugly old busybody, made up to look like a mummy.

"He will never believe you," says Prosper.

"Who will tell him this lie?"

"You," amiably remarks the self-sacrificing mommer.

Prosper has a sort of a Holy-Moses' exclamation hovering around his lips. He says: "But who can you name as the man who has wronged you, as the father of your boy?"

"I have found him," she murmured. "He is alive. He will help me."

"Who is it?" queries Prosper.

"It is you."

The old fellow nearly has a fit. He is ungallant enough to quiver. Just picture a woman making such a request! Could anything be more asinine? The incident is perfectly useless, for five minutes later the play ends happily. This one dramatic incident convulsed the audience, and you know how it is when you once commence to laugh. Everything seems funny. When the Marquise began to make the revelation to her son, she leaned her pale mommer face on his arm. Then she looked up. His sleeve was white as snow. She had left enough of her pallor on him to make a good-sized pancake. Henri, grown suddenly pale in the scene, began to gesticulate, and the audience was delighted.

There is scarcely any action to "Betrothed." It is talk, talk, talk, with some beautiful scenery. Manager French has certainly done more than his duty by the play. No more charming setting could be imagined. Yet I do not believe that it can possibly save "Betrothed" from speedy oblivion.

The translator of Daudet's play ought to be shot. Imagine a dainty Parisienne remarking, "Oh, you give me the twitters," and another saying, "I cannot look; he gives me the shivers." Shivers and twitters may be very nice as gifts, but what are they? Throughout the play the English is lamentable.

The best members of the cast were Mrs. Booth and Miss Eleanor Carey; the worst J. H. Gilmour. Mr. Gilmour seems to think that by throwing himself about the stage he can portray emotion. He dusted the scenes with his agony and almost demolished the furniture with his distress. Mr. Gilmour appears to have studied some old-time ranter. His Henri was bad enough to be ridiculous. Mrs. Booth is always admirable. Her mere presence upon the stage is a comfort. Miss Isabelle Evesson was less happy than usual, and she looked pretty.

Condensed into a curtain-raiser—that refuge for the destitute—I think that "Betrothed" might possibly be endurable, but four acts of it! Ye gods! ALAN DALE.

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'Tis the dialect of deaf-mutes, and is naught but restful blanks. —*Puck.*

Love and Labor.

With trembling voice, though ardent look,
He faintly asked her could she cook.
She owned she could, and, bolder grown,
He asked her if she'd be his own.
"Indeed?" said she, with her nose a-curl;
"I supposed you were wanting a hired girl." —*Indianapolis Journal*

All in the Trimming.

The modest housewife now who knows
Her husband's word is law,
Begins to trim, alas! once more
Last season's hat of straw.

And then, all through the Summer months,
While she is gaily swimming,
Her husband toils and slaves to pay
Her little bill for trimming. —*Cloak Review.*

The Actor's Friend.

[*From Life.*]

Fara